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MAOISM IN EASTERN EUROPE?

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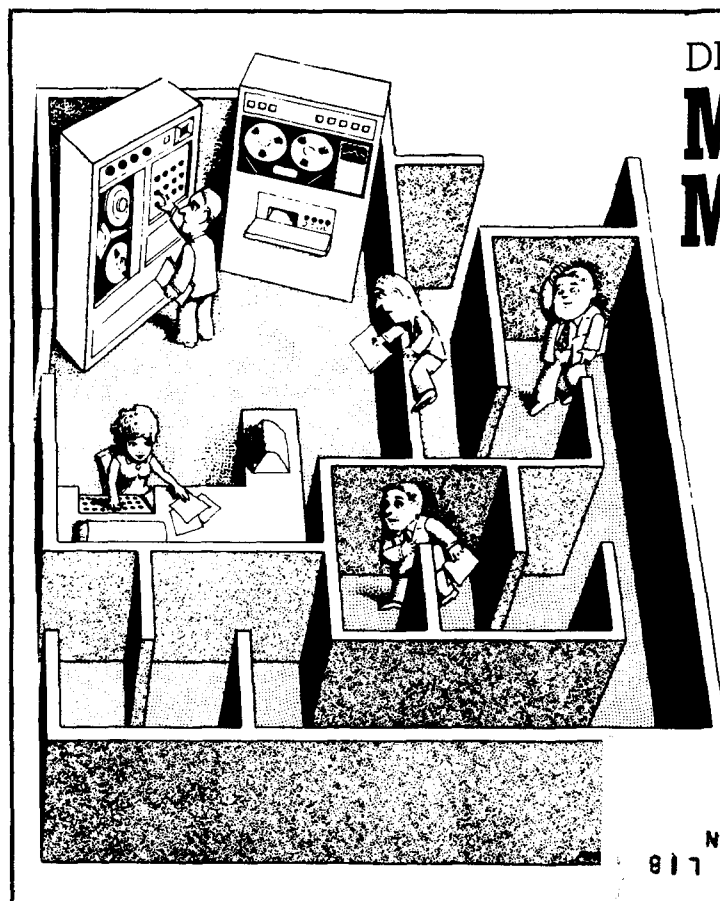
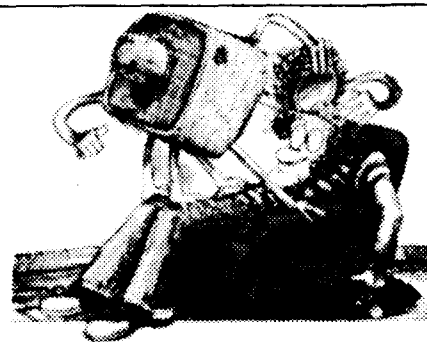
BEING MEANY TO THE PRESIDENT

JOE HILL

TV OR NOT TV

CHARLES HORMAN

REVIEWS: PINTER, SCREEN, THE BEATS, MOSLEY, HARING; LETTERS ON FITZGERALD-HEMINGWAY



DENYS MUNBY

MORALS AND MEASUREMENTS

**THE RELEVANCE OF
COST BENEFIT ANAL-
YSIS TO CHRISTIAN
SOCIAL ETHICS**

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NEWS & VIEWS

N.Y. Teachers' Strike

If public officials of the state and city of New York are holding their breaths over the lay teachers' strike against the Archdiocese of New York, it's understandable. The settlement could cost them as much as it costs the archdiocese—when and if a settlement is reached, that is. For the state and city will be the ones that will have to pick up the slack, if the settlement forces any cutback in the archdiocese's educational services; it's as simple as that.

The immediate possibility is that the city and state would have to assume additional educational responsibilities throughout depressed neighborhoods. The archdiocese is currently operating 80 schools which would qualify for federal and state aid for services to the poor and underprivileged except for the Supreme Court decisions of last June barring public funds for church-related schools. The archdiocese is carrying these schools at large expense, and, if the old equations still apply, they're the ones that will be hurt first because of any necessary economizing—not the schools in affluent neighborhoods or the suburbs.

It's the poor who always suffer.

The larger, if more remote, worry for the state and the city is that the archdiocesan school system will eventually be done in by finances, not through a teachers' strike settlement so much as through escalating costs across the whole spectrum of education.

The five boroughs of New York City educate more children than 30 states of the Union. The well-being of any public system can't help but be related to the well-being of a system that educates that many children, and never more so than at a time when the public sector is itself under financial strain.

Msgr. Joseph T. O'Keefe, archdiocesan secretary for education, argues that "if Catholic schools go down the drain, so will the city." He exaggerates, it appears, only by literal translation of what he means. The city won't go down the drain if the Catholic schools go, but it would be forced to tread a lot of water.

Thus the ironies of the Catholic school system's situation: at the system's weakest moment internally, it is at its strongest so far as pressures it might bring on the public sector are concerned; by the same token, the public sector, if only because of its own financial problems, is more receptive to such pressures than at any time in the past. Hence the final irony: neither is able to turn to the other in solving the dilemma of both.

Justice and Parole

There's never been much question that the federal government has a special policy for persons convicted of violence against property in order to end the violence against persons in Vietnam. Among other things, they don't get parole. States might parole draft board raiders, but the next federal parolee will, in fact, be the first.

Defense committees have long complained over the injustice of this non-parole policy, but no one has heard, particularly. Will authorities hear now that the Baltimore County prosecutor has spoken on the matter?

Samuel A. Green, Jr., spoke in the context of the three members of the Catonsville Nine still in prison for destroying draft records in 1968: George Mische and the two Berrigans.

Green commented that he was "particularly disturbed" that the three were denied parole while persons convicted of much more serious crimes, such as armed robbery, "make parole rather easily."

What makes Green's com-

ment the more significant is that he is the attorney who successfully prosecuted the cases of the Catonsville Nine.

"No matter how often I read through our file," said Green, "I cannot bring myself to believe that the quiet, zealous dedication of these nine justifies incarceration any longer unless there is something I and the public do not know . . ."

Of the nine convicted, four have served their sentences (Tom Lewis, the Melvilles and John Hogan), one died in a car accident before going to prison (David Darst), one is still underground, Mary Moylan.

Mass Every Sunday?

The mandatory Sunday Mass idea, a conservative proposition by virtually all modern definitions, received some surprising support recently in New York—from liberal Swiss theologian Father Hans Küng.

Küng commented at Woodstock and later at a press luncheon that if Rotarians could require of its membership attendance at a weekly assembly, why not also a church? Küng did not define what he meant by mandatory, but made clear that his understanding was not bound up with old notions of grave sin for missing Sunday Mass.

He said a treatise on why Sunday attendance at Mass

should be mandatory was among the projects he hoped to complete during a sabbatical which was to begin on his return to Europe.

Küng made public his feelings on Sunday Mass in pointing up that there was a conservative side to the liberal image. As a second example, he cited his theology on the importance of the Biblical Jesus in the lives of today's Christians.

A treatise on the Biblical Jesus is also on his writing agenda.

The latter project was suggested, he commented, by a high German official, who said his 16-year-old daughter was being inculcated with socialism, secular humanism and other religion-less ideologies.

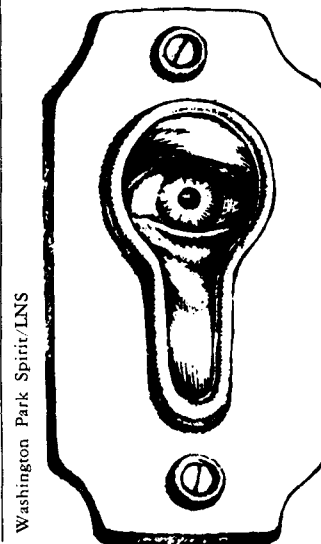
"He heard my lecture on the person of Jesus and asked me to write something for his daughter," Küng explained. "I think I'm going to do it."

Odds and Ends

—The first public financial report of the Archdiocese of Washington, for the year ended last June 30, showed revenues of \$2,949,313 and expenditures of \$3,462,170—or a deficit of \$512,857, attributed mainly to the high cost of operating schools. One news service quoted observers as saying that the report fell short of the guidelines recommended by a committee of the U.S. bishops, and that it failed to include the finances of the 123 parishes from which the archdiocese derives most of its revenue.

—*Harbinger of Something Department*: A classified ad in the current *Progressive* offers for \$3 an item called *Edward M. Kennedy Quarterly*. Description: "Unique political journal provides insights, commentary, criticism. Includes cartoons, photos, book reviews, columns, plus up-to-date positions and activities." No address; just a Post Office box number.

JOHN DEEDY



CORRESPONDENCE



Scott & Ernest

Peoria, Ill.

To the Editors: In her good piece on Fitzgerald-Hemingway in your October 29 number, Ruth Prigozy says that when F. and H. met, F. "was the author of a popular novel and two volumes of short stories."

F. had written three novels by the time the boys got together in the Dingo that memorable day and one of the novels was *The Great Gatsby*, published April 10, 1925, a date that for H. was the psychological equivalent of Dec. 7, 1941.

H. never recovered from *Gatsby*. He did not know how to handle it in 1925 and he did not know how to handle it 33 years later when he was writing his own third-best novel, *A Moveable Feast*. It spooked him so badly, all he could do was go on about the garishness of the book, the "slippery" look of the jacket and hope 18 years after F. was dead, he would someday write something finer.

H.'s way of handling the living, breathing F. was fairly uniform once he understood he was never going to hit his best pitch. It was to encourage his second-best pitch. This explains his carrying-on over *Tender*, knowing perfectly well the poly-saturated Jamesian novel was not F.'s natural line and also knowing about the trouble in the last third of the book and hedging even the grudging tribute he finally did manage by calling the book a lot of damned marvelously faked case histories. This from the author of *The Sun Also Rises*, a book which one of the original Pamplona swingers (Donald Ogden Stewart) never did go for because "it was all just reporting."

You have got to understand the name of the game H. was playing to get at the heart of the problem he had with F. The game was not writing, it was King of the Hill, and in that game it is not enough to advance up the slope a bit or even get up to a fair

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THE NIXON AIR WAR

Suddenly, the Vietnam war is off the front pages of newspapers—not crowded off by the Indian-Pakistani hostilities in the Asian subcontinent, the quickened tensions in the Middle East, or other crises competing for the world's attention. It is off the front page because the Nixon Administration has achieved what one news analyst has characterized as the Administration's "biggest public relations triumph": the illusion that the war is virtually over, U.S. involvement minimal, and the question of when the boys will be home dependent merely on the resolution of the POW issue.

To be sure, there are several bright aspects to what had been a totally bleak picture. American troop withdrawals continue at a steady rate toward a February residue of 139,000, the lowest U.S. contingent in years; U.S. casualties, at the same time, are down to less than a dozen deaths a week, a consoling drop from the long months when U.S. deaths averaged 200. If it were possible to measure the war merely in terms of U.S. ground troops and U.S. lives, then indeed the Vietnam war is "winding down." But wars are not measured that way, and no war less so than this one. The Vietnam war continues at intense, cruel levels. Only the color of the corpses has changed—and American military tactics. Ours is now an aerial war. Fewer Americans die in an aerial war; U.S. casualty tolls stay low, and the American conscience is separated further from the consequences of American involvement in that unhappy land. But for the Vietnamese and their neighbors in Laos and Cambodia, it is another matter. Upwards of 300 Indo-chinese are dying daily and many thousands more made refugees, most as a direct result of the bombs and bullets spewed from helicopter gunships, F-4s and B-52s. During the Nixon years, more bombs have been dropped on Indochina than during all of World War II and the Korean war combined, and indications are that the air war will continue so long as U.S. troops remain there. It is possible to calculate the dollar-cost of such a policy: almost \$4 billion a year. But it is impossible to calculate the cost in Indo-chinese lives and shock to the eco-system of the area, except to say that it exceeds all reason and moral defense.

The irony of the Nixon air war is that it is doomed from its inception. The North Vietnamese and Viet Cong have long since demonstrated their

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ability to survive and move men and matériel despite U.S. bombs. Further, the air war is bound to be counterproductive where political goals are concerned, for it will only alienate the Indochinese people further from the U.S. and, very likely, from governments the U.S. is anxious to see in power. No government can expect to be respected for being party to the calling down of bombs on a people's head.

To compound the tragedy of this military policy for Vietnam is the fact that the Paris peace talks go almost totally neglected. The 10-point North Vietnamese peace proposal is still ignored, 18 months after its presentation to the peace conference, while U.S. participation in the talks stays fixed on such peripheral issues as "a normal flow of mail" between POWs and their families. No one wishes to minimize the plight of the POWs, but while the U.S. worries about their mail, hundreds of people are dying each day in Indochina. The U.S. owes it to humanity to stop its political and military games, and pursue an equitable peace.

A QUESTION OF NEGLECT

Shortly before he left the White House employ, Patrick Moynihan recommended a period of "benign neglect" on the race issue. Whether benign or not, the advice to practice neglect apparently fell on willing ears, according to the most recent report of the United States Commission on Civil Rights. For the third year in a row the Commission used forceful language to charge the Administration with continuing failure to enforce civil rights laws and regulations.

A sample of the flavor of the Commission's verdict may be seen in the judgment on the very center of the Administration. The White House, said the Commission, performed better than any of the other agencies rated by the Commission; its rating was a smashing "less than adequate." From there on it was downhill all the way, with the Internal Revenue Service even accused of violating the law by continuing to allow tax-exempt status to private (i.e., segregated) schools for white children in the South, despite court rulings.

In all, 29 federal agencies were surveyed; not one of them received a rating of adequate. Nor was the President himself exempted from the criticism. Mr. Nixon, the

We are pleased to announce the addition of Louis Michael Colonnese to *Commonweal's* list of foreign correspondents. He will be the magazine's Latin American correspondent in Mexico. A priest of the Davenport diocese, he was associated with the Papal Volunteers for Latin America program, and most recently was director in Washington of the Latin America Bureau of the U.S. Catholic Conference.

Commission said, had not been clear on civil rights policies, despite several official statements on the topic. "The net effect of the President's statements," charged the report, "has not been to provide the clear policy direction necessary to encourage the federal bureaucracy to step up its efforts to enforce civil laws." Cited for particular criticism were the President's ambiguous comments on school busing and fair housing practices.

For those who do not like their reports unrelievedly gloomy, the Commission report did note that some progress had been made, at least in the creation of machinery to solve problems in the future. On actual performance here and now, however, all agencies surveyed failed the test, and this was the crucial point at issue. As Notre Dame's president and Commission chairman Father Theodore M. Hesburgh remarked, "No one can get greatly excited about progress made after he is dead."

In its newest summation, then, the Commission found nothing to contradict its charge of a year ago, that there had been a "major breakdown" in civil rights enforcement because the federal government had virtually abdicated its responsibility. Indeed, in the light of these latest findings it could almost be said that the only way the agencies surveyed can go in this matter is up, and one can only be grateful that the Commission exists to act as a national conscience on civil rights law enforcement.



Being Meany To Nixon

"George Meany," said Ohio Republican William Saxbe, "is a crochety and rude old man." The characterization, coming from a senator whose state has more than a million members in the AFL-CIO—which Meany had just been re-elected to head for another two years—suggested a belief by the GOP that it had tapped a vein of public discontent with labor.

Maneuvering for political currency, the Administration saw President Nixon's pre-Thanksgiving confrontation with the AFL-CIO convention in Miami as an opportunity to carve a Presidential image as the Protector of the Public Interest in the den of the selfish labor lords. To lead the shock troops they unleashed their house Democrat, Texas oilman John Connally, now Secretary of the Treasury and coordinator of Nixonomics. "Arrogance, boorishness, discourtesy," said Connally of the labor chiefs' reception.

Clearly, somebody had been ruffled at Miami and the consensus was that among them was Richard Nixon. In a "straight-from-the-shoulder" non-script, the President sought to neutralize the labor delegates' hard line

against his Phase II policies through shrill appeals to the work ethic, patriotism, a big military establishment and his Vietnam policies. All fell flat, with scattered applause coming only two or three times in a dozen instances where it might have occurred. Even an anti-egghead pitch was ignored ("When the intellectuals were protesting," Nixon recalled of the 1970 Cambodian reaction, "150,000 workers marched down Wall Street to support me.").

The Miami histrionics would seem to have long-term importance only in that they have signaled the beginning of open warfare between labor and the Nixon Administration. The icy reception of Nixon by the delegates (scattered jeering laughter when he spoke of price-holding at grocery stores) and Meany's remark after he had left the hall ("Now we'll go on to Act II") prompted the allegations of bad manners. The long-range aspects of the confrontation appear to give substance to more significant occurrence: a Nixon strategy to make Meany, his labor lobby and the Democrats together the potential blame-takers should Nixonomics fail by Election Day in 1972.

Nixon withheld his decision to address the AFL-CIO convention in late November until Meany unleashed his resolution on the federation's Executive Council—which promptly gave approval to the position of non-cooperation by the three Council members who sit on the President's Pay Board. Nixon's decision to go to Miami was comparable, offered a delegate, to Anwar Sadat's addressing a B'nai B'rith convention. His tact was thrown away with the speech, and the tone was set with references to "all the presidents on the podium and all the vice presidents on the floor," after which he waded into the delegates saying he wanted to "meet some of the rank and file." The old Nixon style gave credence to the Meany allegation which came later—that the confrontation was contrived, to the point of having a White House photographer appear as he mingled with the delegates.

Within an hour after the President left the convention hall in Miami's Americana hotel, Herb Klein's communication center in Washington was calling the networks and news services to report that they had been "briefed" on what the White House had regarded as "discourtesies" to the President. In keeping with the post-Agnew climate, many commentators emphasized the line that the Nixon media mentors desired—and thus promoted a minor wave of public sympathy for the President, who appeared above a common brawl with a common plumber.

The Nixon-Meany encounter answers one question but leaves a bigger one unanswered: the Republicans have acknowledged that labor money and political activists in the AFL-CIO will be involved in an effort to unseat Nixon next year all the way, and any GOP "blue collar strategy" will be shelved. The larger question is the

economy: can Nixonomics, and more specifically Phase II, work without labor? For all practical purposes Meany has signaled the end of the Pay Board's effectiveness because of his public denunciation of its chairman as inept (a management member he described as a "pipsqueak" and a public member as a "hatchet man") and his mandate from the AFL-CIO convention not to cooperate with the Board.

Yet the Board may have been doomed even without Meany's abstention of cooperation. Its approval of pay raises in the coal industry is pragmatic recognition that the miners had no intention of returning to work without the pay raise they had won. And the expected pay hikes for over-the-road Teamsters in early 1972 will likely find the same Pay Board loophole. An angry confrontation with either miners or Teamsters would not only have meant virtual destruction of the Nixon economic program, it would mean strikes that would cripple the economy it is feverishly trying to revive. The coalminers will get an increase next year some 11 percent above the Board's guidelines, and in general most labor contracts which expire during Phase II with a visible membership are expected to get similar increases.

The unlimited war that surfaced at Miami between labor and Nixon might have come even without Nixonomics, partially because of Meany's intense personal hostility toward Nixon that has developed in recent months. Some AFL-CIO watchers were talking of an "odd couple" relationship between the two as late as Labor Day, 1970, when both exchanged toasts in the White House. And the Nixon game plans milked as much as they could out of the AFL-CIO hawkishness on Vietnam, its support of the ABM and SST and the hard-hat reaction following Cambodia. Now cold warrior Meany is talking about the man who was anti-Communist "second only to me" going soft: he has denounced his scheduled trips to Moscow and Peking and his "embrace" of totalitarianism in the Communist bloc.

The irony of the bitter clash with the Administration by labor may be that its greatest propellant after the economic issue is the desire by its leader to cling to the anachronism of our times—the paranoia of the international Communist menace. While all but the extreme right in the American body politic was accepting and acknowledging the realities of Red China's seating in the UN, Meany's shadowy foreign affairs minister and onetime American Communist chief Jay Lovestone surfaced to be photographed with the Chinese Nationalist labor delegation, issuing joint doom messages. One could reluctantly conclude, then, that Meany's wit on the birth of Phase II ("obstetricians would refer to it as a breech presentation") could also apply to Nixon's rapprochement with mainland China.

JOE HILL

(Joe Hill is the pseudonym of a journalist specializing in labor affairs.)

THERE ARE probably hundreds of classic children's stories in which the hero is a toymaker. My favorite was *The Great Quillow*, a lesser known tale by James Thurber, in which Quillow the Toymaker combines his mechanical skill with intellectual jiu-jitsu to save his village from the depredations of Hunder the Giant. Quillow, naturally, was a droll, little fellow, unassuming and content to be the object of the buffoonery of his fellow members of the Town Council. Today, Quillow would have to possess a degree in Child Development, head an institute on early learning environments, and do research for the village school system. No wonder Hunder the Giant has been getting the best of us lately.

No historian or sociologist, as far as I know, has yet considered the hypothesis that the anxiety of the '60s was not due to war or racial strife but to Creative Playthings. It is a theory worth looking into. Creative Playthings started with two principles: (a) playthings (what used to be called toys) should be educational; (b) playthings made out of wood are more educational than playthings made out of plastic. But the secret energy source which Creative Playthings tapped was middle-class anxiety. Would your child make it to college if she didn't have a textured Feeling Ball or a Number Sorter or the right kind of Early Learning Nesting Kit? On this an empire was built.

By 1970 Creative Playthings had the audacity to advertise toys in *January*, the month when Santa's sleeping it off. An ad for a "Discovery of the Month" program ("developed by America's foremost originators of educational materials") repeated the theme of developing "skills vital to greater success in school." Just in case any parent would deprive a child of the opportunity to learn "fundamental concepts of science, reading comprehension, music, art, mathematics, logic . . . manual dexterity . . . attentiveness, memory . . . ability to solve

THE TOY IN YOUR FUTURE

PETER STEINFELS

problems," etc., the ad warns that "recent research has proved . . . your youngster is already making his first tentative choice of a lifetime career . . . What a help [these 'play-experiences'] can be to a youngster who might otherwise flounder and lose confidence, simply because he has not found the areas in which he can excel!"

To be sure, Creative Playthings was not alone. Child Guidance Toys commiserated with mothers over the burden of developing their children's "full potential." "It's almost too big a responsibility. And we think you could use some help with it." Guess who was going to help? "By surrounding [your child] with . . . Child Guidance Toys, you create a learning environment," etc. Ohio Art Toys recently told us that "Bizzy Buzz Buzz's different colored pens and variable scriggly [sic] lines. . . also develops [sic] motor control and imagination. Etch A Sketch helps develop good coordination, manipulation and directionality." Sears has introduced a Wonder of Growing Program—"conceived and directed by Dr. Esther Edwards, formerly Professor, Eliot-Pearson Dept. of Child Study, Tufts University, and a staff of child development experts." Toys come in various "Groups" keyed to different ages. Group III, for instance, starting at six months, features the Lollispoon: "Its chewable inner core disappears and comes back. This helps your baby learn that when mother leaves, she will come back."

The backlash, as you can well understand, was inevitable. Creative Playthings nervously kidded its educational approach in an advertisement as far back as 1969, and now, I understand, they have retooled the whole

operation. "Of course we realized that every toy was educational," someone in the field told me. "Give a kid a toy made of cheap plastic, and when it crumbles in his hands he's learned not to trust plastic." But the definitive step in the right direction has only recently been taken by a friend of mine, Fergus Hammerhead. Fergus has founded a company, Dumb Toys, Inc.

"Dumb Toys, Inc.," said Fergus the other day when I went to see him, "questions the very value of making our kids any smarter than they are now. We feel that every kid should have a chance to grow up and become a Justice of the Supreme Court."

Hammerhead held up a small, spherical object. It was a dull shade, without any bright pattern or attractive texture. "Kids can throw this back and forth or bounce it against a wall," Fergus explained. "We hope they waste a lot of time that way which might otherwise go into studying. We're thinking of calling it a 'ball.'"

"That's pretty dumb," I assured him. He told me that Dumb Toys was planning to go on to invent jump-ropes, coloring books, jawbreakers, and a card game called Old Maid.

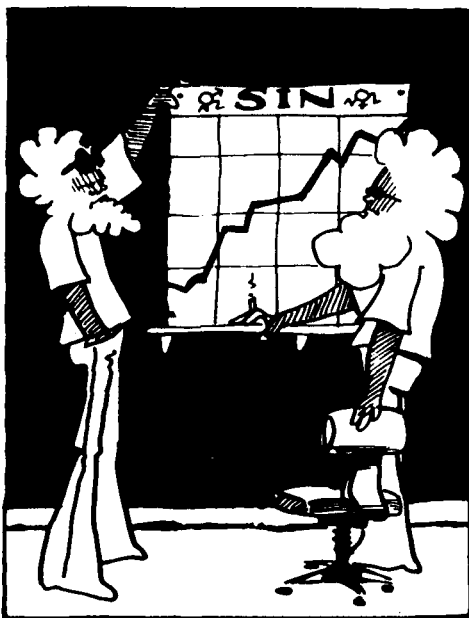
"But all the toys aren't educational toys," I pointed out. "Some of the things they advertise on TV look awfully dumb to me. Do you feel you can compete?"

"We'll beat them at their own game, so to speak," Fergus replied. "For example, we've seen these father-and-son competition games with toy autos. Well, we're going to produce one where the father and son try to smash up each other's cars. It'll be called 'Oedipus Wrecks.' What could be dumber than that?"

He had a point.

Hammerhead said most of his toys would be made of boxwood and scrap metal from Japan. "We don't worry much about looks," he said. "Dumb is beautiful."

Maybe we can defeat Hunder the Giant after all.



MORALS AND MEASUREMENTS

DENYS MUNBY

Christian Ethics and Cost Benefit Analysis

The particular question I want to consider is the relationship between Christian faith and the evolving set of techniques called "cost benefit analysis." Briefly, this is the attempt to quantify all or as much as possible of the data that enter into the assessment of large public projects where the ordinary market mechanism is clearly inadequate. The analysis was developed of recent years in relation to water projects in the U.S., and is fairly commonly used more or less adequately for the appraisal of road schemes. But it goes much further than this, and can *in principle* be applied, as can economic theory in general, to any major decision. The more extreme romantic enthusiasts for the subject seem to believe that it will provide a scientific basis for all political and social decisions, just as the Benthamite utilitarians believed that the calculus of happiness would revolutionize politics and eliminate sterile moral disputes. Many of the fundamental philosophical problems are no doubt the same; the difference is that we can now see how in fact choices can be quantified which would formerly have been assumed to be in principle unquantifiable.

Let me give a simple illustration of the sort of thing that is in question. In Britain today there is a commission sitting to discuss the best site for a third London airport, which is in fact carrying out a great deal of research on cost benefit lines. In a small country like Britain there is little space available for the vast areas of sterilized land required by a major airport. Any site is either inconvenient for travelers, or damaging to amenity in terms of noise, destruction of ancient buildings or

beauty spots. Attempts are being made (not without considerable success) to quantify many of these factors. I want to concentrate on one which will, I think, illustrate the fundamental issues at stake: namely the destruction of natural beauty. Suppose that we have to choose in the last resort between two sites for which we have estimated in money terms all the relevant costs and benefits except the destruction of a beauty spot involved in the choice of one site. Let us suppose that the site that involves no destruction of beauty involves an extra cost to society of £50 millions. The question we have to face is whether it is worth spending £50 millions to save a beauty spot.

How can we value a beauty spot? At first sight the effort might seem absurd. But it is not in fact so. One preliminary question might be whether it would not be possible to create an equivalent beauty spot elsewhere for less than £50 millions. This is after all not so very odd, because much landscape beauty is the result of human efforts and is as man-made as works of art. But let us suppose that in this particular case it is impossible to create a new beauty spot which in any way replaces the original; the original is unique, and if destroyed will be lost to humanity forever. How then do we value it?

The criterion we are applying is how much money (standing for all other resources, including time—which in cost benefit analysis is itself given a money value) people would be ready to pay to prevent the beauty spot's being destroyed. (As we go on, I will try to show both the strength and the weakness in this criterion; it is certainly by no means as silly as it might appear at first sight to the ordinary lover of beauty.) Our first problem is then to see how we can estimate what any individual would be ready to pay to preserve the beauty spot. One technique is to study how many people visit

DENYS MUNBY is a reader in transportation economics at Nuffield College, Oxford, England. The article was written as part of a World Council of Churches' study on the future of man and society.

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it, and how much they are prepared to pay to visit it rather than other more accessible places. If someone is ready to travel 800 kilometers and to spend two days of his holiday at the place, we can estimate how much he is ready to pay to see it. If comprehensive data of this kind are collected, we can know not only how much people today are ready to spend on *this* beauty spot as compared with others, but also what kind of people these are (in terms of relevant characteristics such as incomes, education, whether they live in cities, etc.).

The importance of studying the characteristics of the people who value the beauty spot is that we are not only interested in the present generation, but all future generations who will be deprived of this unique experience if the beauty spot is destroyed. Most major economic decisions affect the future, and we have to make our best estimates of the future (uncertain as they are) before we can decide. A few facts about the future we can know with some fair certainty. Thus we know that at any rate for a considerable time ahead incomes and leisure will grow, that more money will be spent on education and people will be better educated, and, most probably, that more people will live in cities. If therefore we find, as one would expect, that beauty spots are valued more by city-dwellers and by people with higher incomes, more leisure and better education, and if we can (with modern techniques of regression analysis) estimate the relative importance of these factors in determining the valuation of beauty spots, we can forecast the valuation of this beauty spot by future generations with some degree of conviction. We are in no way bound merely by the valuations of today.

Interest as the Bridge

Suppose we have made these calculations to our best judgment (and if we are sensible we will not end up with simple figures, but with a range of figures within which we think our best estimates will lie), how do we compare future generations with the present? The answer is that we have to use a rate of interest—that bridge in all economic calculations between present and future. The rate we use may have nothing to do with actual market rates of interest; what we want is “the social rate of time preference,” which reflects society’s choice between present and future. To give quite a wide range, economists tend to think this is unlikely to be higher than 15 percent, and it cannot be lower than zero. Even at about 8 per cent, anything happening more than 30 years in the future has little importance today, unless of course the variables in question are growing at annual rates much in excess of 8 percent per year, and on the whole incomes, leisure etc. have not commonly grown at these high rates. (At a discount rate of 8 percent, the present value of £100 in 25 years’ time is only £15; at 15 percent, £3; at 3 percent, £48 and at 1 percent, £78.

Or to put it the other way, £15 invested today at 8 per cent compound interest will bring in £100 in 25 years’ time, and so on.) This means that unless we choose a social time preference rate which is very small or zero, we do not have to bother very much about what happens in the very distant future, and we can place some reliance on our calculations (in so far as we can rely on any estimates of the future) because we do not have to calculate for a very distant future. My own personal view would tend to prefer a rather low time preference rate for society—which makes our calculations more difficult—but this is by no means agreed.

To see what is involved, let us consider a rate set at zero. This means that we consider the welfare of all future generations equal to our own, in spite of the fact that we know that they will be richer than we are, and in spite of all the hazards and risks that might prevent any of our present-day schemes ever coming to fruition (for example, if atomic war wiped out the human race). It means that we should be ready to spend £100 today to produce goods worth £100 in, for example, a hundred years’ time. Applied through the economic system it would mean a very large diversion of resources into capital goods to produce income for a distant future at the expense of current consumption. The lower the rate of interest, the higher the proportion of income we are ready to give up for the future either by saving or by taxation (in the case of public projects). The fact that people today, in spite of the riches of the rich countries, do not seem ready to cut their consumption beyond a certain point for the benefit of the future, together with the considerations mentioned above, suggests that a zero rate of time preference does not really make sense. Something like 3 percent might be a figure that most economists would regard as about the lowest reasonable rate to choose. If then we decided that the most sensible rates lie somewhere between 3 percent and 8 percent, the problem becomes manageable; the calculations can be made fairly easily and we can estimate how sensitive the results are to the choice of a rate.

Logically, if society wants to make a rational use of its resources it has to use one consistent rate of interest throughout the economy for selecting marginal projects. But, in practice, if for example we found that at 5 percent the present value of the beauty spot, taking account of the valuations of future generations, came to £40 millions, but that at 3 percent it was worth £60 millions, and even if we had confidence otherwise in our figures, we might still prefer to save the beauty spot, though we normally used 5 percent as our rate of interest. The reason is that, though we are using fairly precise figures, we know that we are not in fact operating in a world of precision.

Is this all that is to be said about the matter? Clearly not. Even those sympathetic to the economist’s approach may have doubts. How can money be used to quantify

our valuation of beauty? Isn't the very attempt absurd, just another pretension of a rather absurd group of specialists? Wouldn't Newman have had fun at their expense? I do not think this general unease is justified, if we look rather more closely at what we are doing.

Firstly, we are not trying to value things in ordinary market price. The whole purpose of the analysis in terms of cost benefit or "shadow-prices" is to get away from the distortions of actual market prices. It would take too long to specify all these, but they relate to such things as monopolistic situations, prices distorted by taxes or government action, exchange rates in disequilibrium, situations where it is impracticable to charge adequately or at all for things people would be ready to pay for (e.g., roads, or public parks), situations where it is impossible (because of "external economies" or "external



diseconomies") to make people pay for the benefits or costs they impose on others willy-nilly (smoke nuisance, noise, etc.), and indeed any situation where it can be shown that market prices do not reflect real human choices. Cost benefit analysis is the attempt precisely to take account of all the "social costs" that social reformers have (rightly) accused the pure market economists of ignoring. It is an attempt really to measure what is involved in choices—the choices of all relevant people—and how they are affected by other people's actions. Money is merely an abstract measuring rod; there is no other so comprehensive. It is not the use of money symbols that can be criticized, but the actual valuations have to be examined to see whether they correspond to the way we think things should be valued.

Secondly, in so far as people's valuations depend on their income, the whole exercise depends (as do all economic judgments) on what we think of the actual distribution of income in society. It is in the nature of things that, if society gives some people higher incomes than others, it gives them more weight in society, more command over resources, more power of various kinds. This is unavoidable. Any valuation of any particular use of resources will vary if the distribution of income is different; as we saw earlier, it is likely that valuation of beauty spots will be at least partly dependent on the level of incomes. A social judgment about the distribu-

tion of incomes is therefore implicit in any money valuation of resources; it is, however, perfectly possible to make this valuation explicit. Thus one of the points of cost benefit analysis is to specify exactly who benefits and who loses from any decision. People can thus be studied in particular groups, and we can give a different weight to the interests of different groups. Thus if as Christians we did not think the interests of a few millionaires should be judged by their purchasing power, and if we found that only millionaires would be affected by the destruction of beauty spots, we might come to the conclusion that we would not worry very much. What is quite clear is that we can make our analysis as egalitarian as we want. In principle, the whole analysis is entirely democratic; it starts and ends with what people actually want, as shown by their actual choices.

The two previous points do not provide a valid criticism of the criteria used in cost benefit analysis, though they do reveal some of the practical difficulties in its sensible use. The more fundamental difficulty seems to me to arise when one has cleared away these preliminary points. Suppose we have successfully estimated to the best of our capacity the value of the beauty spot to present and future generations, and suppose that we are reasonably satisfied that our estimates are as good as they ever can be in human affairs; I do not want to suggest that in practice cost benefit analysis, which is still really in its infancy, is anywhere near this state as yet, but it is worth trying to look at the fundamental problems which arise. Suppose in the case we have considered, we found that the value of the beauty spot as we have measured it was only £20 millions, but that when we looked more closely we found that on the one hand the benefits of the destruction of beauty were very widely spread over large numbers of people and involved only small benefits to any person, whereas the losses of the beauty spot were felt very deeply by only a small number of people in any generation, people whom we judged to be peculiarly sensitive to beauty; what would we say?

If, of course, we happened to believe that people sensitive to beauty should be paid large incomes, the sums would come out all right, as they would be ready to compensate the mass of men for the benefits they would lose by the preservation of the beauty spot. Or if we believed that society should be organized in such a way that power in the state should be given to those sensitive to beauty, they could override the majority by their political power. But we might happen to believe as Christians, as I do, that by and large equality of incomes is a hallmark of a just society, as is also the sharing of power among all people, so that there would be no easy way out of the dilemma. My own conclusion would be that though the majority would have the right to set their own choices against that of the minority, they *should* not do so. In other words, though I would fight for the rights of the ordinary man against any pre-

tensions of the learned, the rich, the sensitive, the culture-bearer, the better educated, etc., I would equally fight to persuade the majority to respect what are in fact the interests of only a minority, because *in this case* I believe them to represent something more than the mere interests of a minority.

The case of a beauty spot was chosen to represent a wide range of questions, where it might be thought that ultimate moral issues come into play, as I believe they do. For those who do not think so, one could take other similar issues such as the valuation of life (on which I will make a few remarks later). Christians might want to say that respect for God's creation and the beauty he has created in it is an ultimate which should override the interests of the majority, as indeed we would want to say about murder and human life. The danger of starting at this point is however perhaps clearer from the rough analysis of the particular case I have chosen. If we jump in too soon with our moral judgments, we may ignore such relatively important facts as: how many people really appreciate beauty, what sort of people they are, and how much other people are affected. We might too easily fall into believing that, because it is right to preserve natural beauty, it would be right to support a government which would impose our views on the mass of people; but to believe that a government *should* do something, and to believe that a government *should* do this *in spite of people not wanting it*, are two quite different moral judgments. To believe that beauty should be preserved is not the same as to believe that most people benefit directly or even indirectly from it. To respect the values which can only be appreciated by a small number of people is not the same as to believe that these values benefit most people. It would be nice to believe that what only a few people appreciate benefits the mass of people indirectly. (There is clearly more to be said about this than I have said already.) But I would not be optimistic in the last resort.

I find it difficult to believe that the resources devoted to highly specialized forms of culture and knowledge in civilized societies can be wholly justified by the benefits they bring to the mass of people. I doubt if many of the arcane subjects studied in universities could be so justified; I feel sure that the time may come, and quite likely pretty soon, when the question is raised in a practical way in relation to the resources devoted to the study of theology in universities in countries such as Britain where the bulk of the resources come from the government, and I am not confident that my theological colleagues would be able to justify their existence in terms of the cost benefit criteria we have been discussing!

There are in some sense some ultimates which are related to the love of God and not merely to the love of man, and it seems that they are relevant here, which is why the issues I have raised have, I believe, a theological dimension, though I would rather leave it to

those versed in a sensitive moral theology relevant to our times to work out the implications. Some of them may become a little clearer by looking at the economic valuation of human life. Though only the economist has perhaps brought out the issues clearly, implicitly we all do put an economic valuation on human life. We do it by the amount society spends on safety on roads, railways and aircraft; we do it in medicine by the resources we devote to particular diseases and cures. It is not obvious that these decisions are always rational in the sense that we spend the same amount to save life on the roads and on railways. At least we might look at the issue.

One method of valuing accidents on the roads in use in Britain measures the loss *to society* of a death on the roads. The measurement takes account of what society has to pay for damage and hospital care for the victims of road accidents, and then goes on to measure the loss of production resulting from a man's death (deducting from this what the man would consume during his life). And so we come out with the result that the worst loss to society is to kill those who have just finished an expensive education; that it *may* pay society to kill infants (because the costs to be incurred in their education *might* not be offset by their future net production); and that it is certainly a positive benefit to kill off the retired. The arithmetic is fine, but what about the criterion? No one really believes in this particular criterion once it is explicitly set out. But we still, in practice, have to give some valuation (in money terms) to human life when we decide whether or not to spend more on road safety, or on hospital care. We cannot in practice escape the arithmetic by general moral judgments. (The only meaning I could give to a statement about the ultimate value of human life in this context would be to say that we should devote all the resources of society above a starvation level of existence to save one human life; but we know that to be absurd, even though it is not absurd to say that a man should give up his life to save another's life.)

Challenge to the Imagination

The examples I have given have been grossly simplified, and many major issues both of economic analysis and social ethics have been skimmed over. I hope I have not given the impression that cost benefit analysis is a ready-made tool that economists think readily available for solving economic problems. It is rather a challenge to the imagination of decision-makers to think out as clearly and rationally as possible (which means quantitatively) just what it is they are deciding about. What I have tried to show is that this quantitative approach is as relevant at least to *some* fields where "ultimate values" are in question as to the more mundane aspects of the economy. What I hope I have shown

is that these attempts at quantification bring out more clearly some of the real moral issues at stake.

What is the upshot for Christian social ethics? Firstly, if the Christian faith has to concern itself with people in the situations in which they find themselves, there is no escape from looking at quantities. It is in the quantities that the implicit valuations are to be found. (Cost benefit analysis is as relevant, if not more so, in developing countries as in the richer countries, because it is well-known that the market mechanism works much less well in these conditions. Whether a rate of interest of 3 percent or 8 percent is used may have serious consequences for human welfare; the relative valuation of human life in money terms may importantly affect the limited resources devoted to hospitals and road safety.) If we want to have a relevant social ethics, we have to look at the actual quantities used by the experts and the judgments that are implicit in them. Secondly, theologians should welcome these attempts to clarify decision-making, because, if this clarification is carried out honestly and critically, it will make the moral issues stand out more clearly. Thirdly, warnings are needed.

Politicians are only too ready to accept figures from "experts" as proving a case; but the figures are no better than the assumptions on which they are based. Though the whole purpose of cost benefit analysis is to clarify the real issues about which decision-makers have to decide (which means in a democratic society the representatives of the ordinary man), there may be some "experts" who use it to impose their own valuations on a society which would reject them if they understood what they are.

Finally, we are concerned, as in so much of human life, with decisions between what may seem incommensurables, but which have to be measured. These are matters involving both comfort and culture, bread and suffering, a standard of living and a quality of life, literally both life and death. And we have, inescapably, to treat them "by measure"; how much life? how much death? A sensitive Christian discrimination cannot stand aside. No doubt these things must be looked at case by case. All I want to suggest is that there is here a field for Christian social ethics as important as the actual decisions are to human beings.

MAOISM IN EAST EUROPE?

Erazim V. Kohak

A 'Maoist' opposition would be a godsend for East European regimes

Is there a revival of militant Marx-Leninism under way beneath the rigid official surface of East Europe? A year ago, it would have seemed virtually impossible. But in recent months bits of information have given rise to new speculation.

Kazimierz Mijal, formerly the President of Polish State Bank, has reemerged in Albania, preaching the gospel of Maoism to his countrymen over the radio. In Poland itself, leaflets have appeared repeating the same message. Unlike the dog-eared samizdat produced in too many copies on an aging typewriter, they appear to be well printed and freely distributed. In Czechoslovakia, a group of students have been sentenced to long prison terms on charges of leftist extremism. The occupation press in that country regularly confirms the many rumors of clandestine meetings of prominent figures of the Stalin era who allegedly find the present Soviet-imposed administration lacking in Marxist-Leninist fervor and press for harsher, more vigorous measures. Altogether it is not much, but it is enough to make some commen-

tators wonder whether sparks of erstwhile ideological zeal might not have survived both the age of Stalin and the era of liberalization to be fanned into the flames of another mass crusade by the thoughts of Chairman Mao.

Such a revival would understandably be most welcome in the West. The West is weary of foreign entanglements and embarrassed by the apparent pro-Western orientation of East European opposition—even though that opposition regards itself as pro-democratic far more than pro-Western. A militant Marxist revival would end that embarrassment. Besides, it would bear out the true-believing remnants on the American left which have always contended that the fiasco of the revolutionary experiments was not due to its totalitarian strategy but to a lack of ideological purity and to flagging zeal. It would no less bear out the cold warriors for whom the issue was not one of social progress but of a fight against "atheistic Communism."

Within manageable limits, such a revival would be no less welcome to the existing administration in the four countries which the Soviet union occupied but did not formally annex, East Germany, Poland, Hungary and

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Czechoslovakia. Without exception, these administrations command little popular support. Moscow found it necessary to impose them precisely because earlier “revolutionary” regimes either lost support or were led by popular pressure in unacceptable directions. Nor is Moscow particularly interested in popular support—a popular regime can become uncomfortably autonomous. The Soviet goal in East Europe is acceptability, not popularity, and a militant “extreme left” opposition, while it might not make the Soviet-sponsored administrations popular, might contribute to making a new strategy of acceptability workable.

Such strategy is badly needed because the strategy of the late fifties and early sixties has largely collapsed. It had been a typically *faute-de-mieux* strategy, tested in Russia after the revolution. Its basic argument was that while the regime might not be popular, the only alternative would be a reversion to prewar capitalism which had proved itself incapable of coping either with the depression or with Hitler. It was never an overwhelming argument, but in its day it was not without its strength. To a great many people the regimes which emerged when the tide of ideological fervor subsided after the purge trials and Stalin’s death were not acceptable because of their innate excellence, but because a reversion to capitalism was in principle unacceptable.

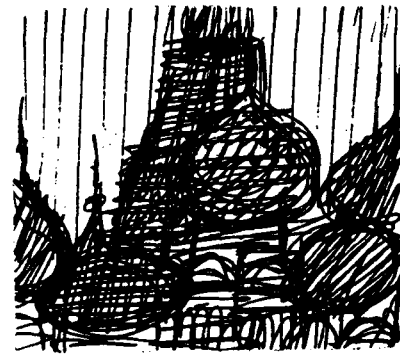
But even at its strongest the old strategy had a critical flaw: it could win only interim acceptability, until a better alternative presented itself—and that in fact happened in the late sixties. In the idiom of the time, it went under the name of “socialism with a human face” or alternately “socialist democracy.” In practice it combined the socialist injunction against the exploitation of one man’s labor by another (the operative principle behind common ownership of means of production) with the democratic principle of freely expressed majority opinion and jealously guarded minority rights. Altogether, it was a radically socialist and democratic vision: no elite can claim a monopoly on power, whether by reason of economic privilege or by reason of ideological prerogative. The goal—and criterion—of social progress is to safeguard the rights of the people in both directions.

The socialist-democratic alternative effectively undermined the *faute-de-mieux* strategy, and forced the Soviets to cast about for a new means of assuring the acceptability of their rule. The shape of that strategy emerged in the aftermath of the occupation of Czechoslovakia. East European regimes would henceforth be presented as a moderate middle-ground between right and left extremism. Ironically, it was the Czechoslovak popular hero, Alexander Dubcek, who laid the foundations for that strategy. After the occupation, he tried to make his continued regime acceptable to the Soviets as a middle alternative between a hard dogmatism likely to provoke widespread popular resistance and vague, unspecified “rightist

opportunist” elements. The Soviets seized upon the strategy, but shifted the center. Dubcek and all he stood for became “rightist opportunist,” Husák was installed in power not as a representative of Soviet colonial administration but as a “moderate” politician steering a reasonable middle course between “rightist opportunism” and a rather vague “extreme left,” eager for blood.

The problem for the Soviets was opposite of Dubcek’s. Dubcek was hard pressed to produce a convincing “rightist extreme”: the socialist commitment of the Czechoslovak spring was too pronounced for that. Conversely, the Soviets are no less hard put to produce a convincing “extreme left.” Messianism, left or right, has been effectively discredited.

To be sure, in one sense there is indeed an “extreme left”—it is the Soviet Army. Husák, Gierek, or Kadar can in fact be said to represent a “middle ground” between the autonomous socialist-democratic regimes their nations would like to see in power and a direct military rule. A Gierek might in fact defend himself with the



argument of all collaborators—that a refusal to collaborate with the occupying power would bring on the fate of Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia. It is again not a convincing argument: an attempt to apply the Baltic solution to the four occupied countries might well bring on a major crisis of the Soviet Empire and its eventual collapse. It is quite possible that the next crisis in East Europe might erupt when the Soviets run out of Quislings. But convincing or not, such argument is unavailable because the Soviets are not prepared to admit, as the Germans did, that the Army of Occupation is the extremist threat. For better or for worse, East European administrations need urgently to come up with a convincing “left extremist” threat.

That is a tall order. After the initial Communist seizure of power, as after most revolutions, there did in fact exist a significant fanatic fringe in the Party, not content with seizing power, but determined to transform men and society at all cost. The cutting edge of the unforgettable horror is precisely the memory of too many East Europeans of having raised their arms in countless mass meetings to demand death for “traitors” in the name of socialist idealism. East Europeans have had their experiment with taking the kingdom of heaven by storm. Ever

since the initial revelations at the time of the XXth Party Congress every shred of evidence attests to their virtually unanimous desire not for a new true faith, but for the freedom to live and let live.

A real live "maoist" opposition would be a godsend for today's East European regime. By contrast with the specter of a new fanaticism even a drab colonial bureaucracy might appear bearable. But the basic fact of East Europe is that such opposition is unlikely to emerge without some encouragement.

The Maoist leaflets appearing in Poland show traces of such encouragement. With decreasing popular support, the effectiveness of Soviet and East European security apparatus may have fallen off to the point of being unable to prevent occasional appearance of carboncopy samizdat, perhaps even of a mimeographed leaflet or two—though given the strict accountability applied to duplicating machines and materials, this is already less likely. The idea of printing and distributing opposition material without some official support is simply too far-fetched to be believed.

The Soviets have in fact provided such support in the past. In the aftermath of the Czechoslovak occupation, the Soviet military authorities operated the notorious Czech language radio station Vltava and distributed a scurrilous news-sheet, *Zprávy*. But in the same period there also appeared a flurry of pamphlets attributed to various clandestine "hard left" groups. The newsweekly *Reportér*, in spite of tightening censorship, analyzed several of them, notably the virulent attack on Joseph Smrkovsky, *The Two-faced Politician*. In all instances, *Reportér* was able to show their foreign origin, on the basis of evidence such as the font used, unavailable anywhere in Czechoslovakia but common in the Soviet Union, patterns of distribution, etc. It seems rather likely that the evidence of "maoist" opposition in Poland is yet another instance of official sponsorship.

It is a dangerous game. The decision to try the "trotskyist" student group, which included virtually all the remaining Party members at the University, suggests that even the useful "hard left" opposition can become a vehicle of genuine dissent. China, the only country able and willing to oppose the Soviet Union, has considerable appeal for East Europeans, much as Soviet Union did during the war against Hitler, and for much the same reasons.

Such sympathies, however, are not the stuff of which mass movements are made. They are strategic rather than ideological sympathies. The Soviet Union could convert war-time strategic sympathies into political capital largely thanks to military proximity. It failed to do so in the West. China, a continent removed from East Europe, is even less likely to succeed in carrying out such conversion.

In spite of carefully nurtured symptoms of "far left" threat, a militant ideological revival in East Europe re-

mains inherently unlikely. The opposition there simply is not one of a "far right" and a "far left," between which Soviet administrative bureaucracy could be said to steer a "middle course." The issue is far simpler. It is an opposition between self-determination and occupation. The hope of East European nations, expressed by every movement which has broken the surface for a quarter of a century, is for self-determination, for the freedom to live and let live, expressed by the idea of a national democratic socialism. The squabble between the "extremist left" and an alleged "extremist right" is basically irrelevant to it. It is a squabble between two elites, over the right to exercise power. Its sole effect can be to distract attention from the basic question—self-determination vs. occupation.

Like Husák, Kadar, and increasingly even Hoeneker, Gierek desperately needs to distract attention. He has hopelessly forfeited any hope of winning acceptability as a popular representative of the December upheaval. Moscow has made it clear that it has no intention of permitting him to grant what were the central demands of the strikers—free and secret elections of union and Party officials, independent trade unions, autonomous Workers' Councils. The state of the Polish economy puts severe limits on the extent of the economic concessions he can grant. Gierek today can win acceptability only as a compromise between the demands of the strikers, speaking for a whole people, and the demands of a phantom "extreme left."

What is "Right," "Left"?

All of this adds up to a rather unique definition of moderation, and an even more striking definition of what is "right" and what is "left." It also adds up to an excellent reason for Soviet authorities to encourage any "extreme left" opposition, though within rather strict limits. It does not, however, add up to a revival of ideological militance, whether "maoist," "stalinist," or "neo-leftist." The day of quasi-religious mass movements in East Europe is irrevocably gone. East Europeans have managed, at an unspeakably high cost, to forge a vision which combined the ideals of freedom and social justice, of democracy and socialism. Their problem today is the Soviet occupation. It is a cold comfort to administrators who would like to justify their rule in the name of "middle ground" as well as to ideologues casting about for an empirical confirmation of their prescriptions. But it is also a basic fact of life in East Europe. If a mass movement arises anywhere in East Europe in our generation, it will not be a messianic movement committed to transforming men in the image of a doctrine. If anything, it will be a movement of national liberation whose fundamental precept will be the right of men to remain untransformed whether by the Soviets—or by the devotees of Chairman Mao.

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ODD MAN OUT

THE STAGE

Not far into the first act of Harold Pinter's *Old Times*, Deeley explains how one day—oh, twenty years ago—he went into fleapit theater somewhere in London to see *Odd Man Out* and there met Kate. Their shared enthusiasm for Robert Newton's performance in that movie—as he remembers it—led to a friendship, an affair, a marriage. Kate, still his wife, simply smiles. A few minutes later, Anna, her voice alive with austere girlish remembrance, recalls the Sunday that she and Kate—her roommate—went off to some obscure movie house in some unknown corner of London and there saw a wonderful movie. *Odd Man Out*, of course. Kate simply smiles. I can imagine a critic with a taste for analogy turning to Carol Reed's movie in search of clues that will impose on Pinter's play a conventional narrative in which the right turns lead to the expected solutions and the ambiguities are ironed away. I think it best to stop with the title. *Old Times* is an odd-man-out play, a triangle in which the pairs—past and present—keep shifting as the three characters sit talking (in Kate's case, mostly listening) about . . . well . . . old times.

The dramatic situation is a simple one. Anna, whom Deeley presumably does not know and whom Kate has not seen for years, is about to arrive as the curtain goes up. Anyone at all familiar with the English drawing-room variation on the domestic play—which can be played for tears or laughter—knows that this is an occasion for a conflict of personalities, a revelation, the disruption or strengthening of a marriage. Pinter uses the occasion for his own purposes. The conflict, however, is real enough. Deeley and Anna circle one another warily (verbally and—in Deeley's case—physically; he wanders the stage a great deal), using their questions about the present and their memories about the past as moves in a game which will, momentarily at least, ally one or the other of them with Kate. One of the most effective scenes, at once funny and frightening, is the ludicrous sing-song which follows Anna's recollection that she and Kate used—more often than not, she repeats—to sit up all night listening to old records. Deeley or Anna will begin a song, the other move in for a line and then give way in his turn. The songs are all old standards, but not necessarily from the late 1940s, early 1950s, the years that they seem to be remembering, and there is nothing in the singing to suggest *old times* in the sense of *good old days*. Deeley uses the lines aggressively, throwing up a challenge to Anna, which she turns, skillfully, by using the next line as a damper to his presumption. There are nuances, hints, scary undertones

that the pop-song composers surely never imagined. When one of the singers reaches a line like "Oh, no, you can't take that away from me," it is so loaded with their sexual rivalry that it hangs in the air like a chip on the shoulder. From time to time, one or the other of the suitors takes over the conversation and either creates an excluding memory or brings Kate, in the present, into an exchange which makes the other odd man out.

The revelation—in so far as there is one—is not the long hidden secret uncovered; it is a continuing circumstance of Kate's life and personality. It turns out that she is the odd man out, perhaps by choice. There is a moment at the beginning of Act Two when Deeley reminds Anna that they have met, that he once spent an evening staring up her skirt (at Kate's borrowed underwear as it happens), when the play teeters toward a conventional changing-partners comedy (cf. *Design for Living*). When Kate finally begins to speak, however, going beyond the occasional line that the playwright allows her through most of the play, she takes the play and the characters into relationships more complicated than those of the sentimental stage. She conjures an image of a dirty-faced Anna dead on the bed in her room and, then, recalls a time when Deeley—Anna's replacement—lay on the same bed and she took dirt from the flowers on the window to rub on his face. Kate—the quiet, the enigmatic—who spends the evening implicitly—sometimes explicitly—denying the memories that lap around her, comes across as a self-sufficient, interior person who lends herself, without giving anything away, to outsiders who accept, invent the Kate they need. The last scene is an enactment of an earlier memory, with Deeley in the place of the faceless man Anna remembers, in which Anna lies in isolation on her bed and Deeley, after crying in a chair, moves and lies across Kate's lap. Kate remains aloof even in the presumed intimacy, touched but untouched. Deeley returns to the chair, and a sudden, intense light fastens each of the three characters in his separate place.

At one point, Anna admits that what she remembers may never have happened. *Old Times*, it becomes quickly clear, is another play in the vein that Pinter has been working for the last three years. Like *Landscape* (1968) and *Silence* (1969) and the sketch *Night* (1969)—all together in a single Grove paperback—*Old Times* is another exercise in the uncertainty of memory and the immediate emotional value of it. The new play uses devices from the earlier ones: the shared memory, in which two indistinct recollections merge to suggest a single picture; the dramatic presentation of a real or imagined past in which characters move from the present to play the part that the sequence demands; the concern with detail and precision of language, as though the right landscape, the accurate word, the proper tense might give validity to a slippery evocation.

Confronting the recent Pinter plays on the page, I have been fascinated with the possibilities in them, the hint of unsolved mysteries that teases and clouds the very real emotional situations in which the remembering takes place. Still, having failed to see *Landscape* and *Silence* when the double bill played the Lincoln Center Forum in 1970, I did not know that Pinter's memory games would work so well on stage. Everything about the production at the Billy Rose contributes to the success of *Old Times*. The cold, clean luxury of John Bury's sets provides the correct note of impersonality for the home of Deeley and Kate, and Beatrice Dawson's costumes are suitably extensions of character—Anna's icily warm green outfit, at once immaculate and sensuous; Deeley's fashionable suit which rumples, as he does, as the evening progresses; the noncommittal sweater and slacks of Kate, deceptively simple because, when she turns her back on the audience, we can see the outline of her panties, a whisper of that underwear, long ago borrowed, long ago admired. Sets and costumes would be of little value, however, were there not three fine performers to inhabit them, to wear them. Rosemary Harris and Robert Shaw make perfect antagonists, the grace in her rigidity balancing the tension in his looseness, the cool meticulousness of her speech setting off the fire that burns beneath—and occasionally breaks through—his pose of polite restraint. Mary Ure's Kate remains so determinedly there even when she is silent that I kept turning toward her, as the speakers did, expecting a response—one that never came—that might finally give an unambiguous meaning to the lines that kept reaching out to teach her.

I heard a deal of grumbling as I left the theater, an indication that expectations had gone unfulfilled for some members of the audience. Understandably. Pinter's games are not Anthony Shaffer's, *Old Times* is not *Sleuth*. But the playgoer who can get with the play and the performers is likely to find, as I did, that the last scene—when uncertain memory becomes dramatic truth—is extremely effective—affective even.

GERALD WEALES

SO LONG AT THE FAIR



THE SCREEN

It has been two months since the New York Film Festival, but I do want to file some last thoughts. Again and again as I watched the movies roll by, I was reminded of that old song, "Oh, dear, what can the matter be, Johnny's so long at the fair!" Actually we reviewers weren't so long at the Film Festival. It just seemed long as we went to previews at the Vivian Beaumont Theater

in New York's Lincoln Center. This was the year of economy. Viewing films at the Beaumont was not ideal, particularly from the side seats. The list of passes to the critics was considerably curtailed, and those of us who did receive passes had to have our pictures on them. So on the whole there was less festivity about this year's Festival and more settling down to business.

Even the films seemed less glamorous. My big mistake was: as the days passed and my eyes became weary, I decided to skip two of the 18 films. But I certainly picked the wrong two: French pictures that were each more than four hours long. I learned from my friends and from reviews that these two were among the high points of the whole Festival: *The Sorrow and the Shame*, a documentary about the Nazi occupation of France, directed by Marcel Ophuls; and *Bonaparte and the Revolution*, directed by Abel Gance, produced by Claude Ielouch, a revised version of the famous movie that first came out in 1927. Fortunately, *The Sorrow and the Shame* is soon to be released in this country; and it is to be hoped that *Bonaparte* will be too.

Another highlight of this 9th New York Film Festival was Peter Bogdanovich's *The Last Picture Show*, which was excellently reviewed in *Commonweal* by my colleague Colin L. Westerbeck, Jr. I do wish, however, that he had mentioned the fine and sensitive performance given by Ben Johnson, an actor who has been around for years (mostly in Westerns) and now does a brilliant portrayal of a wise man who tells off the town's thoughtless youths. I hope Ben Johnson is remembered at next Oscar time.

I also enjoyed Westerbeck's reviews of Pasolini's *Decameron*, Olmi's *In the Summertime*, Bellocchio's *In the Name of the Father* and Malle's *A Murmur of the Heart*—all works of respected directors not at their best, but still worthy of some inspection.

Perhaps the 1971 Festival had too many just middling movies. The opening film, *The Debut*, directed by Russian Gleb Panfilov, was a so-so affair about an actress who was chosen to play Joan of Arc. The Joan angle was fascinating, but the film as a whole was dull. Most disappointing of all was Robert Bresson's *Four Nights of a Dreamer*, which had some pretty color photography as it followed a boy-girl romance. Except for one brilliant scene in which the boy suddenly realizes he's in love and turns a handspring with joy, the picture is rather lifeless. In 1957 Visconti used the same Dostoevsky novel, *White Nights*, for his film of that name and made a lively and heart-breaking melodrama.

Also disappointing was the Yugoslavian film, *WR—Mysteries of the Organism*. I'm not sure what I expected of a movie about Wilhelm Reich's all-out sex teachings, but what we got was a long sometimes-serious, sometimes very funny series of sex scenes mixed with pseudo-art stuff. A little of this goes a long way. Although the movie was only 80 minutes long, 80 minutes of this kind of raspberry seemed like hours and hours.

Of the 16 pictures I saw at the Festival, it was perhaps Kurosawa's *Dodeska Den* that gives one the biggest lift. Perhaps it is a soap opera with an enormous cast burdened by poverty, illness and other woes, but it has warmth and spirit and vitality. And it is a film like this that makes the Festival rewarding.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG



RONALD KRITTER

PILE OF BOOKS

Books of poems
sleep together
on the sill

of my window.
Thin
they huddle

against
the siege
of winter.

Together
there is some
defense

against
the sub-zero
temperature.

Pressing together
for warmth
the poem books

help the volume
with the least
amount of

pages.
By the middle
of January

however
there will
be some

unable to bear
the cold.
In January

there are
always some
surrenders.

BOOKS



Looking for a different approach to sadism

***The Image Empire:
A History of Broadcasting
in the United States
Since 1953***
ERIK BARNOUW

Oxford University Press, \$9.75

***The People's Instrument:
A Philosophy of Program-
ming for Public Television***
ROBERT J. BLAKELY

Public Affairs Press, \$6

***Television Today: The End
of Communication & the
Death of Community***
RALPH STAVINS, EDITOR

Communication Service Corp., \$6.50

CHARLES HORMAN

Until very recently, it took a masochist or an accountant to get any kicks out of reading about television.

There are perfectly good reasons to watch television now and again; for example, when you're tired, bored, ill, making-out, or baby-sitting. But reading about television is a drag; unless, for some reason, you need to have your worst fears about human nature confirmed over and over again. In television programs, the good guys usually win; but in the offices where policy is set, they lose almost all the time. As any network executive could tell you, that makes pretty dull programming.

Fortunately, things are beginning to change—a little bit, anyway. The Supreme Court and FCC have dealt out some dynamite decisions which better the chances of challenging a station's broadcasting license. Groups around the country are using the new rulings to challenge license-renewals and bring complaints before the FCC. It's still like David going up against Goliath; but with the new rulings, at least there are some pebbles to throw.

In addition, a Louis Harris poll, commissioned by *Life* for its September 10 issue on television, made it clear for the first time that the public really doesn't like most television programming. "The poll's main findings," wrote the editors, "cast in the form of a message from viewers to the men in the network front offices, run like this: we're still watching television, but we're enjoying it less. Your mass programming tactics are not working well. By trying to reach everybody, you are pleasing only a minority and a shrinking minority at that."

Many of those polled replied along these lines. "Most of your programs appear to be aimed at somebody else, not me. We are not a homogeneous mass but a highly diversified bunch of people with strongly individual tastes.



. . . Many of the entertainment shows you put on—which add up to more than two-thirds of all TV fare—leave us cold. . . ."

Harris described the response to his poll as "a crisis in entertainment programming."

The poll was the first to go beyond sheer numbers: to try to find out what viewers were really thinking as they watched. The results were as if the public gathered itself up into one enormous effete-snob-eastern TV critic and gave the industry a Bronx cheer.

What does the poll mean for programming? I'm sure there will be aggravated ulcers in the networks; but I wouldn't hold my breath waiting for the entertainment formats to change. Network programming will continue to be designed by the numbers game. But the poll does give fresh hope to all of us who want to drastically change television.

It suggests that the citizens groups which are organizing the political and legal strength to challenge TV-licenses may have a real constituency—a great mass of people, still isolated and anonymous in their separate, blue-lit living rooms, who are open to more complex, more vital, more individuated programming.

I admit that the books about television are still pretty depressing; but now there seems to be the possibility for a massive consumer-movement directed at television. So I urge you—pick up some of the best books coming out about television, and some are very good indeed. Learn more. Get mad. Look at your local stations critically. Invite your friends over and all get mad together. Maybe you can be the first on your block to take a TV-franchise away from its present owner.

The first book to pick up is *The Image Empire*, by Erik Barnouw. It's a history of broadcasting in the United States from 1953 to the moonlanding; and it's easily the best general book on television that I've seen.

Barnouw has mastered completely a vast amount of information from books, hearings, interviews he's conducted, and inter-office memos of the most scurrilous nature. The story comes out smoothly and is genuinely fascinating.

There are delicious tidbits—like an office memo from Quinn Martin, who produced the *Untouchables*, to one of his writers: "I wish you would come up with a different device than running the man down with a car, as we have

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done this now in three different shows. I like the idea of sadism, but I hope we can come up with a different approach to it."

Barnouw recounts all the familiar atrocities—the quiz show scandals, the blacklists, the cancellation of *See it Now*, and the memorable occasion when CBS decided to run a sixth rerun of *I Love Lucy* instead of Kennan's testimony on Vietnam; but the book is far more than an anthology of horror stories. Barnouw has understood the whole range of forces which shaped the development of television. These include technological innovations, trends in documentary film and the ad business, the personalities of network managers and FCC commissioners and who happened to be in the White House at a given time.

Image Empire is a fine book; but because it covers so much territory, it winds up sketchy in spots. So I'd recommend two slightly older, more specialized works to fill in the gaps. *The People Machine* by former NBC correspondent Robert MacNeil does a fine insider's critique of network news, documentaries and election coverage. But the really essential book is Herb Schiller's *Mass Communications and American Empire*. It examines the relations between communications companies and the department of defense, describes the bloody negotiations over satellite systems, and tells in detail how American film, television and advertising have conquered the market in underdeveloped countries in a cultural extension of cold war politics.

After reading those three books, you should be fighting mad and wondering what you can do about it. Unfortunately, *The People's Instrument*, by Robert Blakely can't help.

The book tries to set new goals for public television; but the main thing on Blakely's mind is a very traditional goal—getting more money.

"Our work," he says, "must be first to establish a financial base for public broadcasting that is strong, assured and insulated from political pressure. Until such a base is built, the hopes of the American people for a medium that is

their instrument will remain like Tantalus' hopes for food and drink—so near, and yet so far."

But oh, how difficult that is.

The Carnegie Commission report, and all subsequent writing on public television, has emphasized the importance of long-range, insulated funds, but Congress is way too crafty to fall for that one. Even the miniscule funding which Congress gives the Corporation for Public Broadcasting must be renewed on a year-by-year basis. Congressmen can think of just as many innovative programs as the radical-liberals who are drawn to New York public television—and they don't want to see any of them get on the air.

In short, public television has almost as many exasperating political problems as the networks. Like public television itself, Blakely's book goes totally schizophrenic trying to satisfy its various constituencies.

He has to make public TV sound safe enough to please Congress and dangerous enough to deserve the support of liberals. He strongly backs public participation in programming—but takes a clear stand against "radicals" and people who want to "manipulate the media." He is firmly against "social engineering" and ideology—but does not include the Ford Foundation or "experts on the future" in this category.

While he clearly dislikes almost all commercial programming, he is careful to tread lightly. ("Insofar as the center of private broadcasting is a branch of commerce, it cannot reasonably be expected to do other than to serve commercial interests . . . as things are now 'the circumstances' of commercial broadcasting are beyond the control of the American people." (After all, any help for public television—be it tax on TV sets, income from domestic satellites, or direct appropriation—has to go through Congress; and the wrath of the National Association of Broadcasting can be mighty indeed.

One has to be a little wistful, thinking about public television. It can do such good things. Think of *Sesame Street* (and Blakely does think of *Sesame Street* quite often in arguing the case

for public television). But *Sesame Street's* success can be misleading. It has found a remarkably uncontroversial niche. (Though even *Sesame Street* has drawn fire—from Southern affiliates because it is integrated; and from English television because they believe it authoritarian.) Try to dream up three new programs which would serve real public needs and be as universally welcomed as *Sesame Street*. If you can, you should immediately write a book about the possibilities of public television. The field is wide open.

Television Today: the End of Communication and the Death of Community is one of the very few books available which actually suggests things you can do to change television. Another is *How to Talk Back to Your Television Set*, by FCC commissioner Nick Johnson. I recommend them both highly.

In his opening essay, Marcus Raskin, director of the Institute for Policy Studies, makes the absolutely correct analysis which forms the basis for the varied materials in the rest of the book. Yes, he says in effect, the programming is bad—but what is fundamentally wrong with all television at this point is the power-relation it establishes between audience and broadcaster. In this relation, one mind colonizes the other with its dreams and products. Seen in this light, there is little difference between today's commercial and non-commercial broadcasting: "The attempt to uplift people through alternative programming," says Raskin, "does not change the basic colonized relationships between those who are telling and those who are told."

The purpose of the book is to encourage members of the colonized audience—and give them some tools—to break through this relationship. To become an active force in setting policy and creating programming. The first step is to create consumer-style groups to critically examine present programming and complain before the FCC when the broadcaster has not met his obligations to serve the public's needs.

The book itself was fitted together in a three-month crash program by the Institute for Policy Studies staff directed by Ralph Stavins, a lawyer and

visiting fellow at the Institute. It includes excellent essays by Stavins, Herbert Shiller (the author of *Mass Communications and American Empire*), former FCC Commissioner Kenneth Cox and others. But the book also performs services which are quite unique. It reprints in the appendices the most important FCC and Supreme Court decisions which make totally clear the standards a broadcaster must meet to keep his license. The book also explains in very comprehensible terms what the decisions mean.

Then the staff did the massive job of assessing how 28 stations in the mid-Atlantic region (including Washington, D.C., of course) were meeting those obligations. The staff finally recommended that seven of the stations be investigated by the FCC and one—the ABC affiliate in D.C.—have its license revoked.

The Institute also conducted a pioneer survey of the black community and leadership of Washington to find out how television was serving their needs. The general consensus, of course, was hardly at all.

Raskin sees license-challenges as the first step in massive political action which would include picketing and sit-ins by blacks, workers, hippies, and the many other groups which “are not part of the process of decision which determines what appears on television.” These actions, he suggests, would be supported by television writers, actors and directors who want a part in setting policy.

“The political activity,” he says, “that has to emerge in the communications and broadcasting field will appear to lead to disruption. The likely programmatic and political result will be more locally controlled stations by widely different community or neighborhood groups who will program to their constituencies in terms of the needs of the particular area.”

Sounds right to me. I imagine the first programs to come from the colonies will be ill-written, shakily filmed, unbalanced; and hopefully really different from what we’re getting now. Personally, I can’t wait to see them.

Natalie Natalia

NICHOLAS MOSLEY

Coward, McCann, \$6.95

SAUL MALOFF

Nicholas Mosley’s literary career is a melancholy reminder to anyone who supposes that these literary battles have long since been won that the more “difficult” a writer is the less his chances of crossing frontiers and oceans. Mosley’s first six books went unnoticed in this country (in fact he didn’t fare much better in his native England) and it took a famous movie (Losey’s “Accident”) and a filmscript by a celebrated playwright (Pinter) to call attention to his novel of that title. Sufficient attention was paid the movie, though not the novel from which it was adapted, to alert Americans to his next novel, *Impossible Object*, an elusive, finely contrived and tautly-controlled—well, narrative *object* more than it was a novel in any conventional sense, made memorable and (the exhausted word applies for a change) haunting by its persistent interplay of two voices, one nervelessly reporting the surface event, the other contrapuntally registering the subjective, unspoken response, both working together to create an effect of the hermetic self’s radical isolation from the public person dutifully miming the required gestures tonelessly speaking the prompted lines. The novel’s atmosphere was filled with an eerie silence, the public and private selves canceling each other out; the silence a measure of the desolate distance not only between innerness and facade but between the self and others. Thus crowded, the book’s narrative space seemed uncannily empty: a still-life composed of inanimate human objects.

In his new novel, Mosley yields nothing to the reader. Again the narrative elements are submerged, distorted, dreamlike as if apprehended by a consciousness for which the boundaries between the experiencing mind and external flux are continually shifting, adrift. The elements themselves are deliberately commonplace—an ordinary

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WE HAVE
THE WAY.**



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triangle with satellites: Anthony Greville, the narrator-dreamer-actor, Conservative M.P. and specialist in African affairs, his wife, their children and friends—all domesticated, suburban and solid middle-class; and Greville's mistress, Natalie Natalia, light and dark, the two versions of her name suggesting dual aspects of the "eternal woman." In the world beyond sensibility there is some sort of African revolution in progress, and Greville is in some way involved, but those events also are so veiled and oblique that they become like all other data material by which the world is ingested: private affair and public turbulence alike.

More than anything else—indeed to the exclusion of virtually everything else—Mosley is concerned to catch and somehow record the most tenuous states of consciousness; the bisecting lines where world and mind meet and dissolve; how the world seems when there is a "slight displacement of attention." Greville's consciousness is massively displaced by "explosive pressures

in the personality that are universal and unavoidable." Oedipal and homosexual "pressures" are hinted at, but in Mosley's work hint never rises from its opaque depths to anything approaching explicit statement. In the absence of that, we must take as given a state of feeling, Mosley says at one point, resembling Dostoevsky's "just before he had a fit," where the fit itself is experienced as containing the "meaning of life" lived "at the edge of a dark wood." Greville lives at the edge of "perpetual anxiety" where "knowledge could not be formulated; only endured" and "the space between the inside and outside of me became a battle-ground." That "space," where one form of consciousness melts into another, is the ground Mosley as a novelist of extreme conditions has claimed for his own.

At several points in the novel, Mosley contrives (Greville being a writer) to present a reasonably systematic statement of his aesthetic. "Writing a story," he says, ". . . tries to bring together reflection and action: to get the pattern in a moment and the moment as change"; seeks the area of the "peculiar split between our experience and our accustomed vision . . . in a style which would convey this—both a person reflecting and his actions," a style "that is saying two things at the same time: both to move between, and to acknowledge, my behavior!"

To sustain the sense of "perpetual anxiety" is a difficult achievement; and to evolve a style that seems its natural voice is Mosley's impressive gift. Yet along with the dazzlement in the end it becomes wearying, small-scale, thin—at times, because the obsessional range is so small, irritatingly repetitious and convoluted. Where *Accident and Impossible Object* succeeded in registering the implicit violence and menace of the ordinary acts, gestures, events in complex relationships, *Natalie Natalia* finally fails; and it does so both as novel and as a further working-out of Mosley's aesthetic of the novel. Transformations of consciousness, the slow turnings of sensibility from one mode of perception to another are Mosley's private province; but we ourselves, as re-

ceptors of and participants in the aesthetic act, are unable to plot their course largely for the reason that Mosley yields up so little of the world that is undergoing transmutation by and within the mind. The dark lady of the novel, if she can be said to exist as a character at all, is tritely mistress-y; by which I suppose I tritely mean hectic, feline, mercurial, given to hysterics, at once submissive and unpredictable. Yet these qualities are dramatically without substance; so, save as a disembodied mind, is Greville. In the earlier novels, each echo was resonant with portent and felt meaning; here they merely echo with sonic boom, interesting technical effects created by an imaginative engineer in a well-equipped studio. Before flesh can become mysterious it must have solidity and dimension; and before they can exist in the mind ever women, like African revolutions, must live in the world.

Morality Is For Persons

BERNARD HÄRING

Farrar, Straus and Giroux, \$6.95.

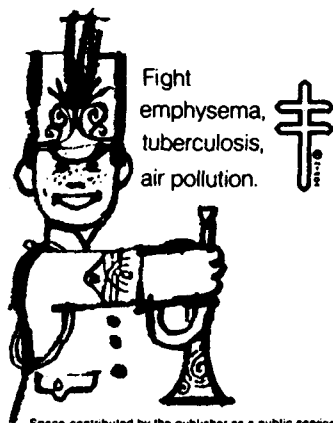
ALBERT L. SCHLITZER

Bernard Häring has been on the field of battle for a more human, a more fully Christian ethical norm for a long time. His efforts to free moral decision-making from the shackles of legalism predate Vatican II and continue unabated. While there may be some question as to how much his position has changed or matured through the years, the changes are most certainly limited to marginal issues, not reaching into the main thrust of his stand. Those who are acquainted with Häring from his previous writing or from his lectures will find the familiar themes running through *Morality Is for Persons*. They are all here: the law of love vs. legalism; freedom vs. authoritarianism; personalism vs. institutionalism; existentialism vs. naturalism; kairos vs. aimless passage of time. Nothing is missing—not even the worn-out tirades against the Roman Curia. These latter seem particularly out of place in a volume

**There's more to do...
Give more to
Christmas Seals.**



It's a matter of life and breath.



which, given the publishing house he has chosen, is ostensibly offered to the general public. The seminary, the ecclesiastical of pre-Vatican II vintage, seems to haunt Haring as a sort of specter.

One of the more arresting aspects of this new volume is Haring's insistence on balance: balance between personalization and socialization; balance between the existential stress on the present lived moment and the heritage of the past; balance between the historically conditioned patterns of thought and certain timeless principles or absolutes; balance between moral guidelines for the more advanced and for those who are still struggling near the bottom of the ladder. This latter does not necessarily mean a double standard, but rather a realistic approach to life dictated by personalism.

Haring readily acknowledges his debt to the personalists and the existentialists in the development of his thought, but, he will be quick to add, he weighs their views "in the light of Christ." Christian personalism rests in the Person of Christ. Closely associated with personalism in the ethical stance of Haring is that of *wertethik* developed by Max Scheler. *Wertethik* is inspired by personalist patterns of thought and based on the method of phenomenology. Value ethics points not so much to preoccupation with self-perfection or fulfilment, but rather to personal love, namely one's ability to hear and to respond to the language of love. In daily life each one is faced with a hierarchy of values. "A Christian does not cultivate economic values at the expense of personal ones . . . , does not cultivate sex values and bodily beauty at the expense of his deeper beauty as a person before God and man; he sacrifices what is lower in value when it conflicts with higher values." Would that it were all that clear and simple to decide in many instances which are the "lower" and which the "higher" values. Hopefully, true love would have the desired discernment.

Undoubtedly one of the most crucial elements in ethical thinking today is the stand one takes on the "natural

law." Situation ethics, of course, will have nothing to do with it. A number of Catholic moralists reacting against the overly rigid interpretation of "natural law" in the past come close to rejecting it *in toto*. Haring steers a middle course. He defends a "natural law," but not the rigid, timeless and impersonal kind upheld by the Schoolmen of the past. He argues that accepted moral principles are always historically and culturally conditioned. Natural law is not a code with ready and certain answers for every situation. But rather, it is right reason hampered as well as helped by cultural heritage. Natural law for Haring admits of some absolutes, but far fewer than was generally supposed in the past. Equally important for a valid "natural law" is the realization that the reason of the individual person in isolation from one's fellowmen does not suffice. It requires the shared thinking out of experience. Yet this cannot be a matter of a public opinion poll.

Strangely missing in Haring's enumeration of the factors that enter into moral judgment is that of the church. Perhaps we are to take this for granted. Yet practically the only times that Haring refers to the church he is occupied with complaining about the unlawful intrusion of church officials. There is so much negative in his regard of church official teaching, that proper balance would seem to dictate some exposition of the positive value of this teaching. Granted that the authoritative power of church-teaching has been abused at times. Yet this does not justify passing over in silence the positive contribution of the church in the matter of morality.

The Beat Generation

BRUCE COOK

Scribner's, \$5.95

JOHN TYTELL

No contemporary literary group has been so vilified, vulgarized and distorted by the agencies of the mass media, so fearfully ignored, patronized, or disdainfully misunderstood by the university critics as the writers of the Beat

Generation. Not since the disturbances caused by the Surrealists and Dadaists in Europe has any group of writers caused such controversy and been rewarded with such scorn by the official guardians of the culture.

The brouhaha of recognition and infamy began with the publicity for Jack Kerouac's *On The Road* in 1957; the notoriety increased shortly afterward when the San Francisco police seized Allen Ginsberg's *Howl* and pressed him with obscenity charges. Enough time has passed since the furiously negative reception of *On The Road* and *Howl* by the professional reviewers and critics, to view the movement and its intentions, its rejection of militarism, materi-

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alism and middle-class mores and its advocacy of the spirit, of giving and sharing, of openness and vulnerability while attacking the conformity caused by an obsessive national careerism. The concerted attempt of the Beats to alter our national direction as they saw it in the early '50s is especially relevant to our present confusion in America, for the Beats prophetically anticipated—and helped cause—many of the extraordinary changes in youth culture which so separate the generation of the '70s from that of the '50s. The measure of this difference is to be found in the revolution of manners as well as morals that has been spread by unprecedented attributes to the relation between sex and language, to sexuality itself, to business and property, to the ties of both family and nation. These new attitudes, and their drastic departure from traditional views, were first espoused and disseminated by the Beats.

Bruce Cook's *The Beat Generation* admirably succeeds in capturing the exciting and unconventional history of the movement while tracing its influence on young people in the sixties. The method is not that of critical exegesis but is primarily journalistic: he has met and interviewed the major and minor luminaries of the Beat constellation over the past decade. The interviews, though interesting and revealing,

are the weakest part of the book; generally, they lack depth and do not offer nearly as much as Burrough's or Ginsberg's remarks in the *Paris Review* interviews. The rest of the book—except for crucially slighting Gary Snyder's essays and Norman Mailer's igniting role with "The White Negro"—does justice to a sorely abused and maligned group of writers.

Cook recognizes the social implications of the Beats without pandering his own literary tastes. No mere apologist, he succeeds with such figures as Kerouac and Ginsberg because he is willing to admit the failed element in their lives and works. He judiciously appraises Kerouac's unevenness as a writer, the maternal attachment that contradicted the yeoman independence of *On The Road*, the enormous capability for self-destruction, violence and bathos, the political naiveté. At the same time, he cogently establishes the relationship between such works as *On The Road* and the restless, nomadic impulses of contemporary American youth.

With the other figures who have animated the Beat scene, Cook is equally perceptive and intelligent. as in his treatment of the cinematic quality of Burrough's fiction, the affinity between Brautigan and Twain, or his chapter on the Black Mountain School. Ultimately, what is most convincing about Cook's own mixture of critical assessment and group vignette is the sincerity and re-

straint that characterizes a search which might, with another sensibility at work, have been marred by sensationalism and apocalyptic drumbeating. Mr. Cook's version of the origins and directions of the Beat experience is likely to endure as a lasting record.

CORRESPONDENCE



(Continued from page 267)

height—you have got to get to the utter top and toss everybody else down.

If you are as imaginatively limited as H. was, if you are not a real original, the only way you can possibly win at this game is to take the top-stander, mock or belittle or satirize him in some large and obvious way, and then take his material.

The mocking and invective are essential because if you are not convincing in that department, you are going to get caught with your appropriations showing. Here H. was extraordinarily fortunate because with the solitary exception of Spiro Agnew, he was the most naturally talented invective we have had in this country this whole long century.

Who was the top-stander when H. came to see Gertrude and Ezra? Well, it was Sherwood Anderson, they guessed, though Gertrude was up there pretty high herself, she had to admit. (This is '23, '24.) So H. writes *Torrents of Spring*. The usual explanation for *Torrents* is that it was an expedient to get H. out of the messy Liveright contract but that book was absolutely essential to his development as a writer. Once he had that behind him, he was in the clear to develop his whole system of Writing Truly Without Tricks, the operating principle of which was to rewrite *Winesburg, Ohio* over and over again, only with lots of gun fire, and when that wore out, rewrite the rewrites.

The strategy fooled everybody, including Mencken, the one guy old enough to know better. The benighted was going on and so did Gertrude but

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REVIEWS

CHARLES HORMAN is writing and researching a book dealing with mass communications and their effect on social movements in the United States.

SAUL MALOFF, the author of *Happy Families* (Scribner's), has just completed a new novel.

FATHER ALBERT L. SCHLITZER, C.S.C., is a member of the faculty at the University of Notre Dame.

JOHN TYTELL is an assistant professor in the English Department at Queens College.

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who was going to listen to them when Papa was writing high?

Once you get the fundamentals of the system, you begin to see the shape of the problem F. presented H. You begin to see how the whole glittering package of F., his material and his *persona* got to H., how completely it paralyzed him and how he tried to come to terms with it.

He thought he finally did come to terms with it in *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*, which he always fondly called his best story (his best try at killing Fitz). And the strategy on the whole was successful. After that left jab in the beginning, how in the hell will anyone ever notice that the story you are telling is straight Fitzgerald, that your hero is Dick Diver on safari, that finally you managed to capture the material and the theme—artist/idealist wrecked by riches-bitches—which F. has been working since 1926? It is just a nice ironic plus that it appears in the same *Esquire* carrying F.'s own *Crack-Up* pieces, which are but one of his many versions of the same withered-writer tale. Nobody, not even F., seems to have grasped the essential plagiarism of the story.

With all this revolving in my brain I am writing a short story myself called *The Snows of Peoria*. It's about a writer who is brooding about his ruined life which however is not as ruined as many other writers he is familiar with. The second paragraph goes like this:

He remembered poor Ernest Hemingway and his romantic awe of Scott Fitzgerald and how he had started a story once that began: 'Scott Fitzgerald is different from you and me.' And how someone said to Ernest, Yes, he has more talent. But that was not humorous to Ernest. He thought Scott was a special glamorous writer and when he found out he was it wrecked him as much as any other thing that wrecked him.

Probably, when the story goes into anthology, I'll change the proper name of Ernest to Julian or something like that. My friends think the style is a

little too biblical but what do they know about writing truly, I ask you?

THOMAS S. KLISE

Monsey, N.Y.

To the Editors: Dr. Ruth Prigozy's article "A Matter of Measurement" [Oct. 29] presents an interesting yet nevertheless highly distorted view of the Hemingway-Fitzgerald feud. As a good friend and associate of Dr. Prigozy, I feel the main fault of the article lies in her undeviating devotion to Fitzgerald as a superior human being (if not artist), and that with this view she overlooks facts detrimental to Fitzgerald much as a mother does with her children. It is time to set the record straight.

Hemingway had a code (however immature in some aspects) that demanded the upgrading of life, whether it be the making of a man (Robert Jordan, for instance) or a cause (war as the best tester of men's courage). His life was solid; like Nick Adams, he sought to build from destruction. (See "Big Two-Hearted River".) Hemingway always sought a cause to construct a life's work on, and at various times in his life he found it.

Fitzgerald, on the other hand, led a life of destruction. His drinking Hemingway despised as the ruin of Fitzgerald's creativity. Fitzgerald, crumbling, sought to hurt his wife Zelda, who was admittedly loving but unstable. As Nancy Milford points out in *Zelda*, Fitzgerald scorned her as stupid, unfit to write fiction (only *he* could do *that!*) and, when she was trying to recover her senses in the thirties, told her doctors and friends that she was unfit to live in the real world. There is no doubt that Hemingway saw this aspect of his friend's life, and thinking it unmanly of Fitzgerald, scorned him. Not that Hemingway liked Zelda, for he knew she despised *him*, but his own code rejected Fitzgerald's cruelty. It is this unfortunate aspect of Fitzgerald's life that caused the now famous feud, and that should lead us all to join Hemingway and disdain Fitzgerald the man.

ROBERT FLAUM

Too Christian?

New Haven, Conn.

To the Editors: Your issue of October 29 has a nice double-barreled book review by Miss Sallie TeSelle of two books about Barfield, Lewis, Tolkien and Williams. One generalization of hers, though, is not only over-sweeping but not accurate.

She claims that C. S. Lewis "doesn't really make it into the 20th century." In support of this notion she says that most of his writings are too Christian—that the point is too obviously conveyed.

It may interest you to know that a report just received from England states that Lewis is selling better than ever. Furthermore, booksellers there declare him to be the most collected author of this century.

There must therefore be more who like their Christianity plain and forthright than your reviewer is aware.

HOPE M. KIRKPATRICK

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The New York C. S. Lewis Society

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65-and-over Age Group Is 'Fastest Growing'

People 65 and over collecting social security retirement benefits are part of "the fastest growing age group in the population," according to social security officials here.

"Census figures show that since 1950 the number of people 65 and over has increased by about 63 percent—from 12 million to 20 million," a social security spokesman said. "The younger population has increased 32 percent."

"About 16.8 million now get monthly retirement checks from social security," he said. "That includes about 13.6 million retired workers plus dependents in their families."

Not all of these retired workers are over 65, however. Eligible workers can begin collecting social security retirement benefits as early as age 62, although payments are reduced. Full benefits are payable if the worker begins collecting them at 65. Social security retirement benefits now average \$131 a month.

"The very fastest growing age group is the very oldest—75 and over," the spokesman said. "They've almost doubled in number during the past 20 years—from 3.9 million to 7.6 million, according to the census."

Some 5,250 people who are 100 or over get regular monthly checks from social security, an increase of 61 percent compared to 1969, according to the spokesman.

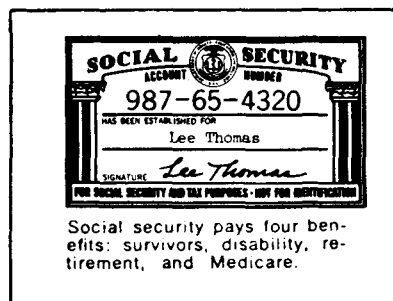
Almost everyone 65 or over has health insurance protection under Medicare, he noted. Through social security younger workers and their families build disability and survivors protection as well as retirement protection, he said.

He added that many people in the 65 and over population are still working. It's not unusual for social security retirement beneficiaries to work at least part of the year, he said.

"If a retirement beneficiary earns \$1,680 or less a year, he'll still get his regular social security check every month," the spokesman said. "And no matter how much his earnings add up to for the year, he can be paid a social security check for every month he earns \$140 or less or performs no substantial services in self-employment."

People 72 or older can collect social security benefits each month regardless of how much they earn.

In addition, almost everyone 65 or over has health insurance protection under Medicare whether they are retired or still working, the spokesman said.



Jim Sutton is two steps away from Social Security.

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His first heart attack will keep Jim off the job for more than a year. Doctor's orders. And although he's not yet 35, he can apply for social security disability benefits. Regular monthly checks that will help Jim and his family until he's back on his feet again.

Social security can pay benefits starting with the seventh month of disability—if you're unable to work for a year or more. Social security can help with rehabilitation services, too.

For more information, contact any social security office. Social security pays four benefits: survivors, disability, retirement, and Medicare.

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